The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 28.

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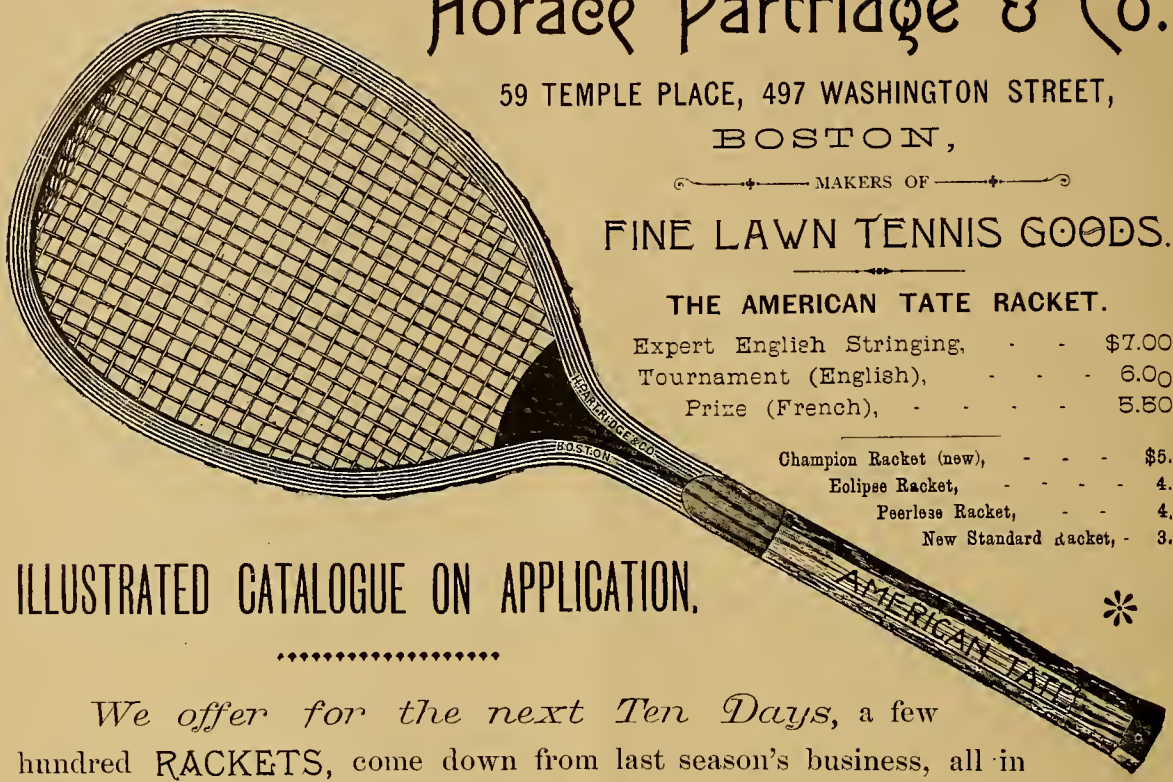

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MAY 3, 1890. NO. 28

The Wellesley Prelude.

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EDITORS:

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SARAH M. BOCK, '90.
MARY BARROWS, '90.
EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
THEODORA KYLE, '91.
MARY W. BATES, '92
EDITH S. TUFTS, '84.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

"THERE'S such divinity doth hedge a king that treason can but peep to what it would;" it is only when kings put on the habits of common men that their subjects rise in rebellion.

'86 claimed and received our respect, and that too, without recourse to the public press, she relied on her "divinity" and it never failed her. Even in these degenerate days may be found Seniors who are such not only *in nomine* but *in facto*, girls for whom the Freshman willingly waits at the elevator, and whose names are mentioned only in praise. These Seniors live in happy unconsciousness that customs are so changed, and meeting with as much respect as in their modesty they desire, find it hard to believe that "the upper class girl commands none."

But take comfort all ye Fifth Years and Seniors who are not of this band, *noblesse oblige*, '86—as do her disciples of '89 and '90—paid for her privileges; unknown to those Seniors the free and easy discussion, with lower classmen, of Faculty and sisterSeniors; unknown to them, the delights of toy ostriches and doll babies totally unknown the joys of a scuffle in hall or corridor. *Noblesse oblige* was their motto, and their loyalty to it gained for them the admiration of the lower classes. Our motto is *laissez aller*, and the Freshmen vary in their opinions of us, our titles range from "gump" to "jolly thing."

We are verifying a quotation familiar to our Freshman ears, "rights and duties are correlative." We reject the duties '86 held sacred and must not clamor for her rights, we are enjoying our own, reckon them up, they will correspond to our duties, as we concieve them.

But there is a loophole of escape, the way "Fifth Year" recommends, to humbly confess to the lower classes, "know ye that we have failed to win due respect from you, we confess ourselves wanting, but remember our position, and out of respect for custom, kindly grant us the wages we have not earned." *'89.*

We are sorry that anyone should think that under class girls of the present time show a lack of respect for upper class girls.

This may be true as far as formalism is concerned, as, for example, passing into the elevator, but we sincerely hope no true daughter of Wellesley is lacking in real respect towards anyone who is deserving of it. For what is true respect? It is the feeling which we have towards a person who may have qualities of mind superior to ordinary people, or, better still, who has moral qualities which we must admire. Cannot we lay claim to feeling this true respect? Do we not say in common conversation, "What a fine girl that is?" or, "She is more than a nice girl, she is noble." And then looking back over the time we have been in college, can we not think of this or that girl who has been and is still an inspiration to us? And this is often a girl who has had the ripening influ-

ences of years of college life.

Still many girls command our respect and admiration who have been here but a short time. Even Seniors recognize the power of girls in lower classes. It is the girl herself, and not the rank which we respect. To respect a girl for her college rank is something like honoring a person for social rank or wealth.

But let us look at the other side of the question. What is said to prove that there is a lack of respect among the classes? "A Freshman laughs at the foibles of a Senior." True, it is not right nor respectable to laugh at a person, but it is a fault too often seen in almost everyone, Seniors included. The Freshman who laughs *at* a Senior would laugh *at* another Freshman as readily. When shall we learn the lesson that it is the truest and best thing to laugh *with* people and not *at* them? "A Senior shows interest in Freshman class elections?" Does a Senior lower her dignity by so doing?" It would seem that it is a Senior's place to take an interest in all the important events of college life. "Respect has been dropped from the vocabulary of class relations, at least for the great majority." We can safely assert that *obsequiousness* has been dropped from the vocabulary of class relations, but *true respect never*. We quote once more: "Is it any excuse for lack of respect when a girl says that 'the upper class girl commands none?'" Yes, emphatically. A girl, by her four years course in College, should attain such a degree of development of character that she cannot help but command respect, and, if she should fail to do this, we see no reason that she should have respect simply because she is a Senior.

But certainly we hope that there are no such girls here at Wellesley. We do respect the upper class girls, and we want them to respect us. Let us get beyond this feeling of class rank, and feel that we are a united whole. We have adopted the same pin for all classes, let us strive to make stronger the feeling of unity which this outward symbol expresses.

Under class girls.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—*R. W. Emerson.*

FELICES.

Independent, '89.

We count them happy who have richly known
The sewets of life, the sunshine on the hills,
The mosses in the valley, love that fills
The heart with tears as fragrant as thine own.
O tender moonlight lily, overblown,
When the inevitable season wills,
By gentle winds beside thy native rills—
We count them happy, yet not these alone.

There is a Crown of Thorns, Way of the Cross,
Consuming fire that burns the spirit pure,
By lustre of the gold set free from dross,
By light of heaven seen best through earth's obscure,
By the exceeding gain that waits on loss—
Behold, we count them happy who endure.

Katharine Lee Bates, '80.

A COMING GUEST.

To all students of history, the present state of Russian affairs offers a problem of much interest. In every person of even average human sympathies, the appalling sufferings of the Russian liberals, and the barbarous cruelty of the government, are awakening, in proportion as they become known, an intense pity and indignation.

Only a few years ago, the prevailing tone in America with respect to these matters was quite different. We had no strong basis for judgment. We heard sometimes of the "Nihilists," and to many conservative minds their name brought condemnation with it, as indicating the would-be apostles of anarchy,—a last state of no government, no religion, no authority, which would be worse than the first condition of acknowledged despotism. But despotism, we were apt to say, was one of the inevitable stages in the natural development of a nation; and doubtless Russia, like her more advanced sisters, would evolve freer institutions by the law of her own growth, in due course of time. Now and then from the vast distance there came to happy America some single voice, convulsed with rage and anguish, telling such a tale of horror that it haunted us and disturbed our rest. But the testimony was often anonymous, and always from witnesses prejudiced to the verge of madness. At last the Century company sent a wise and brave man to find out the truth.

But for many years before this noble undertaking was conceived, its agent, our coming guest, was being fitted for the very purpose. Mr. George Kennan, when still little more than a lad, found himself, toward the end of our civil war, worn out by the arduous duties of a telegraph operator in that terrible time, and sought relief by joining an exploring party to Eastern Siberia. It was after the failure of the first Atlantic cable, and a plan had been broached for working telegraphic communication between our country and Europe by way of Behring Strait and Asia. The object of this party was to find out the feasibility of such a plan. From his two or three years' absence, Mr. Kennan returned to the United States with improved health, with a love for travel which had grown by what it had fed on, and with a knowledge of the Russian language and people which proved a most fortunate foundation for the work of his mature life. He published an account of his experiences in a delightful book called "Tent Life in Siberia," written with all a boy's fresh enthusiasm and frank *abandon*. Later extensive travels in Siberia and Russia, as well as elsewhere, deepened and widened his knowledge of the conditions of today's problem, and developed the fortitude and readiness of resource which were so important to the success of his final journey. In the intervals, the faithful fulfilment of heavy responsibilities at home was bringing out the patience, the sound judgment, the brotherly kindness, the tact, which have made his mission so rich in results, and won for his testimony the full credence it deserves.

Who can reckon the hardships, the difficulties, the dangers of that mission? Aside from all the physical strain, beyond the peril of life itself, there was the close sympathetic contact with an intensity of human anguish of which we can hardly bear even the recital. The free American identified himself with the Russian heroes whose lives were living deaths for Freedom's sake. He shared their thoughts, carried their letters, ran their risks. What wonder that he came home shattered and agonized! Let us not forget that the Century articles were written out of a man's life-blood.

And now we know the truth about Russia; about one of the greatest concentrations of woe on which the sun looks down; about a band of the truest martyrs that ever died gladly for love of their country; about one of the most inhuman tyrannies that ever disgraced the earth.

Thank God! that corrupt government contains in itself the elements of its own death. That is about all we can see now. Sister nations find no precedent for legal interference; the mighty downtrodden masses are too ignorant to know their own strength; the brutal Tsar is hampered, as well as backed, by a large, brutal aristocracy, and from the stony wall the rising wave of foreign indignation is as yet beaten back. Will it swell till it sweeps across every barrier and overwhelms the trembling tyrant in his guarded chamber? Will the people rise in a desperate revolution before which the red records of France may pale? God only knows.

But History and Faith teach us that Freedom will triumph at last. And in the mean time the wider publication of the facts, the growth of intelligent sympathy for the Russian patriots, these are the helpful forces that are growing, that even we can strengthen. In them is the hope of the sufferers themselves. In the April Century we find the following paragraph:

"One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades in which he said, 'We are not afraid to die, but try—you—to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan.'"

Marion P. Guild, '80.

Mr. George Kennan will deliver a lecture on "The Mines and Prisons of Kara" in the Congregational Church of Wellesley, Monday evening, May 5th, at 8 p. m. Price of tickets, 75 or 50 cents.

GRACE'S VEIL.

A gossamer, silver-gleaming thing,
That clings with half-caress across her throat,
And then gives a shake
As if it would make
Her conscious of the very breath of spring
That blows it,—high doth float.

She strolls along th' awakening wood
With her airy veil a-flying,
A memory of Herrick's mood,
My sense of time belying.

A RUNAWAY NUN.

Reprinted from the Phi Sigma Rebound.

A long, low-studded studio filled with unframed pictures; a few sunbeams tangled with shadow upon the floor; Marjory and Marjory's father. Marjory herself was a picture; a sweet little picture, against a background of dusky, brown shadow. She was clad in a nun's dress of rough, grey texture, and her sweet, bright face peeped out of its hood much as a fair dryad of old might have peeped out of the grey, craggy bole of an oak. Marjory knew nothing of dryads. She was an ignorant little maiden, and she knew only that posing was tiresome, the long, low room insufferably dull, and the sunshine outside bright and golden. Through the open window a warm, clover-sweet wind wandered in, and somewhere outside, hid in a maze of rustling, whispering leaves, a little bird was singing in a perfect ecstasy of joy and bliss, "Chee, chee, cheri, chee, cheri, chee·" Over and over again the little warbler repeated this strain, until it seemed not merely a bird song, but the vivid life of the golden day liquified into melody. Marjory loved sweet winds and bright sunshine and bird songs, and she longed to be out, and among them. But her bowed, white-haired old father painted away ceaselessly,and the little model's sighs were in vain.

She looked restlessly about the room at the pictures. There were so many of them that nobody ever bought. The new one would share the fate of the others, lean against the wall, become indistinct with dust, and in time be concealed by another. The figures in the old paintings seemed to follow her with their eyes, and to laugh at her, until she felt ready to scream out or run away. She knew too well that appeals to her dreamy, engrossed father would meet with no response. A great, droning wasp flew in at the window. She watched it dart dizzily about the room,bump against the low ceiling and drone out again. A golden path of sunlight led from the window across the floor. She knew that when it crept to the foot of a dusty, old torso in the corner, it would be noon, and Mari would come in with their lunch, and then, if her father could rouse himself from his work, they would have their lunch together, and Marjory could rest.

The golden sunbeam lengthened itself out on the floor, crept up the dusty torso, and Mari came in. She was a tall, gaunt, solemn-faced negress, with a skin unusually dark, and a queer little limp. The artist looked up dreamily when she entered, murmured something about being busy just then, and motioned her to put the lunch beside him. Marjory sighed. Her plans for rest were shattered, and she ate her bread and milk in silence.

The long afternoon wore slowly away. The old man still worked, forgetful of everything. The afternoon sunlight was bright in the room, and Marjory became rebellious. It was hard, she thought, to sit day after day in a long, dark room, posing for pictures that nobody ever saw. The rustling trees, the birds, and the sunshine seemed to be calling her out with them, and she made a rash little vow to run away when her father laid down his brushes, and relapsed into the dreamy, lethargic state which always followed his hours of steady work.

The afternoon shadows were creeping into the room when the artist pushed aside his palette. Then Marjory crept out of her grey chrysalis and darted away. She penned a short note to her father, and left it among his brushes. It was to tell him, when he should see it, that she was tired of posing, and living in the dark, old house, and had run away. She intended really, she told herself, to come back the next day, but she hoped to frighten him a little, and make him more considerate.

Marjory enjoyed her freedom as a bird might that had been long imprisoned. She wandered over the hummocky pastures, bright with wild roses, and sang a gay little song, because she was happy, just as the bird would have done. Not far away lay the ocean, bright and blue, and dotted with tiny flecks of white which she knew to be sails. She sat down under the shadow of a stunted pine, and drank in all the beauty and freshness of the waning day.

By and by the sun went down, in a glory of gold and crimson that faded into primrose light and then died out. The stars in the sky above stole out one by one, and watched over Marjory, and all the droning, twilight sounds of insect life came to her ears. She spread the shawl which she had

brought from home over a soft cushion of moss, and was soon fast asleep.

The morning was not bright and fair. Marjory was glad of her shawl. She wandered about among the ragged pines and the briers until she thought it time to go home, and somehow her freedom did not seem so desirable a thing in the grey, morning light. She began to wish that she had not left the little note, and a vague forboding of evil haunted her. At last she started for home, but before she could reach it, a cold sea mist blew over the land, and shrouded everything in ghostliness. She found Mari sitting on the low door-stone, rocking her body back and forth, and with her head wrapped in her apron. "Your father is gone, gone," she said, as Marjory rushed up to her, "He went early this morning, and something terrible is going to happen,I feel it;" and she rocked faster than ever. Marjory's heart stood still a moment, and she repented, oh! so earnestly, of her act. It was plain that her father had gone in search of her, and the pastures were steep and rocky, and beyond lay the marshes and—"Come Mari, we must find him," she cried, "There is no time to be lost," and she started out again, with the terrified negress following reluctantly.

It was all so different now, that walk across the hummocky pastures, with the chill, grey fog blown against their faces,and stretching off into ghost-like, misty, vagueness. Now and then a stunted pine tree peered out of the shroud-like fog, and shook cold drops of moisture over them as they brushed by. A cat bird hidden somewhere above them, uttered hoarse, shrill cries that startled them at first, —and then the silence and the fog again. The weirdness of it all seemed in some vague way terrible to Mari, and she peered into the gloom with strained, terrified eyes, now and then uttering low, inarticulate sounds, half moan and half cry, like a poor, wild animal in distress. Marjory shivered; it was all so terrible and unreal. She peered eagerly through the mist, and now and then called aloud, "Father, father." Her sweet, clear voice vibrated strangely on the dense air, and a wild bird answered it, and Mari uttered another of her wierd, half-moans, and then the mist closed in about them again greyer, denser than ever.

So they hurried along, now stumbling over jagged edges of rock, and now sinking deep into beds of grey moss, spongy and soft with the moisture from the air. At last a kind little breeze, heavy with the fresh saltness of the ocean, blew the mist aside for an instant, and they saw, far ahead, a solitary, bowed figure, stumbling uncertainly among the hillocks. Marjory gave a little cry of joy, and rushed eagerly forward. In an instant she was by her father's side, clasping his hand, and uttering all sorts of endearing, penitent phrases. But the old man did not know her; he kept on his way; and she saw that his eyes were fixed and vacant. "Do not stop me," he said, and his voice sounded broken and pitiful, "I am hunting for Marjory, my little Marjory, I was harsh and unkind to her, and she has gone away. She is far too small and weak to be wandering alone in this dreary, great whiteness, and I must find her. Do not stop me." In vain Marjory clung to him, and kissed his wrinkled hands, and told him that she was his own, own daughter. The old man did not know her, and he heaped bitter reproaches upon himself, and hurried on, and Marjory could not persuade him.

So they wandered about,farther and farther from home, and it was far more terrible than before. The dense fog, the wild bird's cry, and the moaning seas, far away in empty vagueness, seemed a part of a horrible dream from which Marjory felt she should never awake. At last out of the whitness there loomed, dark and majestic, a mighty pine. Marjory recognized it, and her heart gave a quick bound of joy. In their long, sightless wandering they had described unconsciously a circle, and now they might turn their steps homeward. The poor father had become weary and feeble, and he made no longer any effort to direct their course. He leaned heavily upon his daughter's arm, but continued to call for his little, lost Marjory, and to peer wildly about. Now they were descending the last hill; now they passed through the gap in the crumbling stone wall, and now they were entering the gate of Marjory's own, dear home.

Just then the sun made a gallant effort to pierce the clouds. A fresh, little land breeze blew against their cheeks, and the mist was scattering. A great flood of thankfulness filled Marjory's heart. She led her father, quite passive now, over the thresh-

old, and into the low, dusty studio. It was an experiment worth trying. She led him up to the easel with its unfinished picture, and put the palette and brushes into his unresisting hand. Then she went to her old position on the dais, threw about her the grey nun's dress, and sat silently once again in the old posture.

The white-haired, old artist gazed at first blankly at the picture and then gradually and timidly began to work. Marjory watched him anxiously, and by degrees saw the vague, dreamy expression leave his face. At last the accustomed atmosphere of the place had the desired effect. He began to work eagerly, and the experiment had succeeded. If he remembered the dreary episode of the morning at all, it would be only as some vague, troubled dream.

Marjory was a most patient, quiet, little model that day. The brisk land breeze scattered the mist with wonderful rapidity. The sun shone brightly down upon the earth and changed each little drop of moisture that hung from the branches, into the fairest rainbows. A few, gay, little sunbeams lay tangled with shadow upon the floor, and one stretched in a golden pathway from the window. Marjory knew that when it reached a certain dusty torso in the corner, Mari would come in with their lunch. *Blanche Bigelow Baker*, '92.

SPRING'S AWAKENING.

Suggested by Spring Thoughts of Henry Ward Beecher.

The day begins to gain upon the night,
The strife of heat and cold is scarce begun,
Wierd cries of northern ice-bergs shout the winds
That come from boundless oceans of the north.
The storms may rage and earth be hidden, yet
The sun draws near, and heard by every seed
And root that neath the snow doth lie asleep,
He whispers words of sweet deliverance soon.
The earth, the warm day opens with joy unfeigned,
The night, with frost-lock shuts secure again;
They strive together, but the Dark and Cold
Are growing weaker, and on some fair nights,
While striving which shall stay, forget to work.
The world awakes to victory gained at last;
The voices from long-hidden birds are heard;
The soil doth with its breath perfume the air;
The sullen ice retreats from open fields
And slinks to north of every fence and rock;
The knolls and banks that face the East or South,
For thousand tiny buds do sigh release;
The songs of many birds o'er graves of flowers
Inspire to resurrection—they come forth.
Go see what they have lost—what ice and snow
And storms to them have done. Below the earth,
How did they fall, of leaves and bloom stripped bare?
How come they forth thus new and glorified?
So fearful is it then in graves to lie?
The earth no treasure rare doth cast away.
The Hand that brings the May days sends the snows.
Thou hast not lost what God has only hid,
Thou losest naught in pain, in sharp distress,
If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves,
If back affection to thy heart be driven
As life of flowers to their roots—trust on;
Thy leafy boughs again shalt thou uplift
From thy old roots, new flowers shalt thou shoot forth.
Be patient. Wait. New life is not far off.—
In secret now, the flowerets love each other.

O coming Flower-months! Come open-handed!
Search out the cold, resentful nooks, that now
Refuse the sun, whose rays, disdainful ice
In scorn casts forth—and plant life even there.
In worst, there goodness is; make warmth from coldness.
The silent, hopeful, warm, unbreathing sun,
That will not fret, nor thwarted, will despond,
Doth carry through the great unwrinkled heavens
A placid brow, with which, and tender smiles,
He conquers e'en the very rocks, where soon
The lichens grow and blossom inconspicuous.
What shall not Time, that in its bosom bears
A love like this, do for this world of ours?
Minnie Crosby Emery, Student, '84-'85.

OUR SOCIAL PROBLEM.

When an "old girl" returns to Wellesley in these days, she finds many changes since her time; strange faces have taken the places of the old familiar ones; new buildings have arisen as if by magic; the number of students has increased by half: but what strikes her most forcibly, perhaps, is the new atmosphere of gaiety and liveliness, the marked increase of social life. She finds Greek Letter Societies, Glee and Banjo Clubs, plays, entertainments of all sorts and kinds, and she exclaims, perhaps, with a sigh of regret, perhaps with a prim, conservative tone of disapproval, "When *we* were college girls *we* never did so!" No, *they* never did so and were those times better than ours? Does this new departure, this increase of

social life, argue better or worse things for the honor of our College, and for the best development of ourselves as students?

We would say that so far as the social changes which affect the College at large are concerned, a great step in advance has been taken, but we would question whether the increase of private entertainments is wise. It is true that here as well as in the outside world, we owe certain duties to our friends, but could we not pay our debts in a more simple way, and thereby save ourselves much time and strength? It has been said that if we have to exert ourselves so much to amuse our friends, it is rather an implication upon our own powers of entertaining, and there is certainly much truth in this. Since we have greater interests which raise the social standing of the College and make it more like other colleges in this respect, why not identify ourselves with these interests and do away with some of the minor pleasures?

While entirely in sympathy with the lovers of a good time and recognizing the need of recreation, I feel that I am voicing the thoughts of many in speaking a warning word of conservatism.

S. A. B., '90.

Too much social life? No! True we have teas and dances and plays, but they do not form social life, for in them is nothing vital. For, I take it, social life is not mere existence in common, or participation in amusements, but is the sharing together of real life, and of this we have nothing except in a narrow circle of intimate friends; while the larger experience and development, which come from a broad acquaintance, we lack.

Leaving out of consideration our societies and our immediate friends, the tendency of our amusements is not toward the best. Recall how much time is spent in getting up and attending amusements here at College; if so much time is spent on such things now and here by women who must do at least some work to maintain their standing, what can be expected of those of us, who after leaving College are not forced to work for a living, and therefore have no work to steady them, but a mere society life? For these amusements do not satisfy, but create a desire for themselves; while it is against this very tendency that the work of college women in general society ought to be directed. The society which college men and women owe it to themselves to develop and for which the social life in College should be a preparation, is that in which there shall be real intercourse of mind and exchange of thought, a society in which it shall not be true that people seldom meet for social pleasure without the artificial amusements of dancing, cards or a play, but a society whose chief recreation and noble delight shall be in the long lost art of conversation. For this our college amusements do not fit us.

Maria Baldwin, '91.

The question under discussion at present, as to how much society life should be introduced into college life, raises the question, what is college life for, what is the end towards which we as college women are striving.

Is it not that we may be fitted to fill in the best possible manner whatever place we are called to in the world? The next question to be decided is, how can this be done? I think that every aspirant for a college education would unhesitatingly say, by making ourselves, so far as we are able, symmetrical women, lacking nothing that shall make us not only strong, mentally and physically, but also agreeable and helpful to those with whom we come in contact. We are branded for life as college women, and as such we shall of necessity make ourselves felt. On us rests the responsibility of proving that college life is the best thing for women.

Shall we prove that college women are, as tradition would make all who care for books above fashion, blue stockings, book-worms, or crabbed, cranky spinsters, who talk books, live with geometrical precision, and look like the remnants of Noah's Ark? or while recognizing the value of the past, and working eagerly for the future, shall we prove that they are alive, and a part of the present?

I have studied society proper mostly from the outside. My conclusion is that it is a good thing as a means toward an end. No small part of our work in the world is to raise the standard of society. We cannot do this by a system of legislation, by quoting theroisms, and demonstrating facts, while

we hold ourselves aloof from the world, but by breathing into it a purer life, while using it as a stepping stone to something higher.

To do this we must understand human nature, and be able to adapt ourselves to the manner, thought and sympathies of all other natures. This cannot be acquired without practice. Nowhere can we have a broader field of observation than here in college. We ought not to become so busy with other studies as to neglect this most important one, for which all others are foundations,—the study of humanity and its needs.

Following fashion for fashion's sake, yeielding to the claims of society for society's sake, has so far been the great bane of women of means. Such women have established false standards of real life, which we must help to replace with nobler ones. Let us as college women not neglect society, and even in College let it be one of our highest ambitions to be prepared to take our place in the world's society. Not that we may conform to its standard, but that we may establish higher ones.

The privilege of touching other lives, the possibility of inspiring them to better living, is ours to use. Knowing this, it is no less than our duty to seek the widest possible use of this power, lest it be true of us that we have laid our greatest talent away in a napkin. *Evelyn Parks, '92.*

In the social life of Wellesley College we have a problem the conditions of which are well worth considering.

There are no families, there are no men, and we are primarily students; into each day, however, there come times when we are not with our books, and how to spend our leisure is, as I take it, our social problem.

When the three purely social meetings of our day, breakfast, luncheon and dinner are so ruthlessly abused as they are by many, there would seem to be but little ground on which to base an argument for as much social life as possible; and yet such a need is felt by many and should be by all, for it will not be our ability to make an arsenic test, or our expedition in bolting food that will recommend the majority of us in the world outside, it will be the use, in a social way, that we are able to make of our knowledge, and why can we not begin now? Why can we not actually live, accommodating ourselves to the imposed conditions, instead of acting as though we were preparaing to live?

What we can afford to do with our leisure is not a question to be passed over thoughtlessly, it is not a question in which to follow another's lead, we know our own selves best, and we alone can decide. We have little enough of leisure; there is, too, little enough of society; but what there is we cannot afford to lose, and with care, studying when we study, and recreating when we recreat, there is no reason why we should not have even more time than we have had, our studies even be the better for the concentration necessary to learn them in less time, and the habit of quick and original thinking be engendered by society and social intercourse.

Dora B. Emerson, '92.

FOREIGN LETTER.

Miss Roberts stood leaning over the little desk talking in a rapid, eager, earnest way that held all the eyes on hers. She was dressed in the long dark blue jeans apron she wears in the operating room, belted in at the waist and making her tall figure seem even taller draped in these long straight folds. Her fair hair was waved slightly over a high white forehead, framing a face so in contrast to the dark eyed, dark skinned Italians surrounding her, that one would think they might fancy her an angel visitant. And truly she is a heaven sent messenger to them. "To-day is the day of grace" was the burden of her appeal, and she pressed it upon them with simple homely illustrations and a strong pleading that was full of power. The address was followed by a short prayer and the whole audience rose to their feet at the "Let us Pray," remaining standing while the earnest petition went up in behalf of their wandering souls. Then a hymn was announced and the little room was soon ringing with music. The Italians enjoy music so much, and sing so well that it was beautiful to join with them in their service of praise. Two charming little boys with big brown eyes pressed eagerly up to the organ to see the words, and looked quite as cherubic as the boys of the Della Robbia organ screen! Several of Sankey's hymns were among the selections and the Italian translation of the familiar words seemed very sweet. As soon as the singing began, a number was called at the door, and all made way for the first patient to cross the passage into the other room. We followed Miss

Roberts to see this part of the work and left the others still singing. The music continues about half an hour and it is a pleasant way for the people to pass the time while they wait their turns for treatment. The medical room is divided by a curtain into a physician's office and the room for surgical dressing. Work is going on simultaneously in both rooms. A skillful Italian physician is employed and Miss Roberts is herself, by training and experience, most competent in the dressing of wounds. Her first task, on the morning of my visit, was to bandage the arm of a cabman. A distinguished, looking old man he was, a gentleman of the old school, one might have thought him in other surroundings. He has a bone sore which should have hospital treatment, but he cannot be induced to give up his carriage to go to a hospital, and declares that his arm is getting better under the frequent dressings at the Mission. The bandaging finished, he bowed himself gracefully out with thanks and good-days to us all, yielding place to a pretty little round-faced boy with a sore ear. It was short work to tie his face up with a fresh bandage, and then came a sweet faced little girl who quite won my heart. Her hands and feet had been covered with the most cruel chilblains. Oh, such dreadful swollen purple sores as they were, although "nearly well" then. She bravely kept back any complaint of the pain which must have been intense whenever the poor little foot was touched ever so gently, but the knitting of the brows showed the suffering. Glancing up to see me looking on with sympathy, she met my eyes with such a bright smile, dear child.

I saw many other patients come and go, and I can truly say that not one looked as if he did *not* need help. It is a pleasure to know that more are reached than can present themselves at the Mission Rooms, a professional nurse being employed to visit the poor sick in their homes. Medicines are furnished free to all the patients.

Mondays and Thursdays the rooms are opened as a soup kitchen. Eighty tickets are issued every month to the deserving poor whose circumstances are known through the medical work. The holders are entitled to the purchase of food at ten centimes per portion. On an appointed Monday I betook myself to the Piazza Camen to enjoy seeing the hungry fed. The distribution of food was preceded by a religious service somewhat shorter than on the medical days. Upon the presentation of the tickets the food was promptly given out by several "ladies in wating." Meat, soup and maccaroni with a loaf of bread composed the meal. How the faces beamed over those steaming earthen pots. Some took the food home, others ate it on the spot, sitting about tables provided for their use.

To be continued.

THE WEEK.

It was with special pleasure owing to our recent interest in our College Settlement, that we heard on Wednesday, April 23rd, from Mr. James Reynolds an account of English University and College Settlements. Mr. Reynolds has been abroad for a year or more visiting Universities and looking into their work, and so speaks of what he has personally observed. He spoke first of his general impressions of college and university life in Great Britain and on the Continent. There is a marked interest in social problems, and economics, and the opinions of many are largely influenced by personal work. There lie in England three classes of settlements, similar in nature and management, receiving their names and support from the schools, Eton, Winchester, and Harrow, from the colleges, and from the universities. The Cambridge Settlement, and Toynbee Hall, the Oxford Settlement are of special interest. Toynbee was established in memory of Arnold Toynbee, as an endeavor to carry into effect some of his plans. From ten to twenty university men live there, each having his separate study, while the dining-room, reading-room and reception room are used by all. There is a board of managers which meets regularly to manage the general work of the Settlement, such as lecture courses, educational classes, and Art Loan Exhibitions. The latter has been quite a prominent feature of the work, valuable pictures have been secured, and such catalogues made as might enable the unsophisticated observer to see intelligently. But little work is done by the Settlement as a whole, each man carrying on whatever line of work he may desire. The disadvantage of this plan is that when a man leaves the Settlement, if no one appears who wishes to take up his work, it may have to be dropped for the time, so that what is done may be lost. But those best qualified to judge, consider the advantages of free choice greater than this incidental loss. This illustrates the democratic principle of individual rights, which to a great extent pervades English organizations. The Glasgow and Edinburgh University Settlements, more recently formed, resemble in plan and management that described with the difference that many of the workers are undergraduate students, and that less importance is attached to instruction, more to religious work. It is interesting to note that in several instances, those taking part in the work have been men of leading rank in the University. In closing, he spoke of the religious attitude of the University Settlements, and contrasted its aim and result with those of distinctively religious work. He stated that while the tendency of the latter is toward a somewhat formal and superficial change of life, that of the former is toward the development of rounded character and the uplifting

of the whole nature. Toynbee Hall has not the hostility to religious work which it had formerly, many of its leaders being men prominently connected with the Church of England.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, April 25, Dr. Shinn spoke on the subject of the Renewal of Society as attempted in 1841 under the name of Brook Farm or Institute of Agriculture. Such men as Emerson and Hawthorne thought that society might be made better under new conditions of life. A farm of two hundred acres was purchased in Roxbury and a community founded, in which all the members were socially equal and all labored for the common good. Communism was rejected and capital and skill received their due rewards. They hired no servants. Men and women of high intellectual attainments performed all the work connected with the farm, and taught classes in the school which was founded in the community. The first two years were very bright but after that the experiment began to fail. The farm was not suited to agriculture, and the labor of many of the members was not profitable. This experiment was a practical denial of the fact that man carries in his own soul that which constitutes his happiness. The transition from ordinary life to the life at the Farm was too sudden. The members were really more at home outside the community than inside.

* * *

The regular meeting of the microscopical and Scientific Society was held April 26, in the Physical Lecture Room, the president in the chair. As a representative of the Astronomical sub-section of the Society, Miss Bertha Wilson opened the meeting by an informal talk on observations made by her through the telescope. The subject considered by the papers of the evening was Bacteria. Miss Sadie Harlow gave a general view of the subject, considering the varied form which are those of a cork-screw, pencil and ball, the size and mode of reproduction of Bacteria. Miss Helen Bruce presented the history and literature of Bacteria. The discovery of Bacteria and various classifications and experiments made by different scientists were treated of. The third paper on The Laboratory of Koch with the Method of Culture was read by Miss Hickok. The establishment in 1876 at Berlin of a German Bacterial Health Commission and the work of Dr. Koch as director of that institution was presented, also the discovery by Dr. Koch of spores in the air, and his treatment of them. The fourth paper on the germ theory of Pesease was read by Miss Annie Mitchell. The valuable efforts of Pasteur and Koch in discovering this theory and their experiments to prove its truth were noted. On closing, an address made by Prof. Joseph le Conte on Bacteria at the San Francisco Microscopical Society was read.

* * *

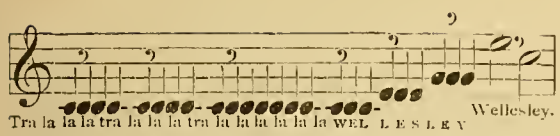
On Sunday, April 27, Dr. Edward Hawes of Burlington, Vt,, preached from the text Josh. 15:19; "Who answered, 'Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water.' And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

* * *

Last Monday afternoon, April 28, the Gymnasium was the scene of a very pleasant social given by the Special Organization. There were only about forty of the members present, but, although the absence of the rest was deplored, the small number did not interfere with the general pleasure. The programs were prettily arranged, each one decorated on the outside with a carnation, violet, or other flower. On the inside was the order of dances on one side and topics for conversation on the other. Those who preferred to sit and talk had plenty to discuss in the subjects given, such as: "The College Spirit," and "Does an Incubated Chicken love its Mother?" When the prorgam was about half completed the music stopped a while for the dancers to refresh themselves and listen to the class history. Being written in the meter of Hiawatha, this was presented by two young Indians, while the floor-manager and his aids reposed in their wigwam behind, and made effective parts still more so by uttering terrifying war-whoops. The historian recalled various scenes of the past two years, some delightful, others questionably so. After more conversation and dancing the Specials adjourned, hoping to have as pleasant a time when next they should meet.

* * *

Anticipations may be great, hopes may be extravagant, dreams may be ideal; but nothing could be more real than the reality of the satisfaction felt by all who heard the Glee and Banjo-Club concert in the College Chapel last Monday evening, April 28. The first appearance of the girls in the Chapel aisle brought forth a salute with the class-colored silk handkerchiefs among the College girls, and enthusiastic applause among the gentlemen of the audience, which lasted until sixteen members of the Glee Club had taken their position in two long curved rows of white on the platform, and the twenty-one members of the Banjo and Guitar Club were seated also. Remaining seated only long enough to establish a presence of perfect ease and charming dignity, the Glee Club opened the program with, "All Hail to the College Beautiful." The hearty encore and the presentation of an immense bunch of pink and white roses attested the approval of the audience, and was responded to by a glorious rendering of the new College cheer.



This was an excellent foil for the delicate serenade, "Hüttelein," which followed. The humming accompaniment in spite of its difficulty, was excellently done, and we can say nothing better for Miss Marot's rich and exquisite rendering of the alto solo, than that it did not surprise us in the least. Two more selections were given by the Glee Club before the appearance of the Banjo Club. And then, when the twelve banjos, eight guitars, and the one mandolin had seated themselves in splendid, white array, the audience would hava been content with feasting the eyes, had not the jolly strains of the Darkies' Patrol begun to be heard coming nearer and nearer, until the whole room fairly resounded and echoed with the rhythm of the enlivening strain. Considering the large number of instruments in the club, and the short six weeks during which they have been practicing, the great success of their playing can only be attributed to any amount of hard work on the part of the girls and a great deal of original talent and perseverance on the part of their energetic leader. At the end of their first selection they were presented with a magnificent bunch of Jacqueminot roses, and then they were obliged to repeat their graceful act of placing their chairs in position for playing, and also the last part of the "Darkies' Patrol." The first part of the program was completed by a good rendering of two difficult selections by the Glee Club, "Come Live with Me, and be My Love," and "Neath Starry Skies" one of the most beautiful of Strauss' waltzes; and "My Bonnie" written with a very new and amusing version of words. The next noticeable songs in the second part of the program were the Brahms "Lullaby," which perhaps surpassed everything else on the program in perfect rendering, the sweet and attrative solo by Miss Groff in the "Dutch Dolls," the last appearance of the Banjo Club, and the Estudiantina with its varied fascinating, accompaniment of guitars, castanets, tambourine and piano. But the climax of the evening was reached when the College medley was sung. In the cleverness of the selection and arrangement of the different songs and parts, and the smoothness and beauty of the changes, it certainly surpasses all medleys ever sung before. Its composer deserves all the praise which its hearers have given it since the concert, as does also the Glee Club for the spirit and accuracy with which they sang it. Yes,—the first concert was a great success. Directors, leaders, accompanists, officers, and members receive the congratulations and praise which are justly offered you on every hand, and consider them as full of promise for the future. We see near at hand a possible vision of the orchestral concert for which the proceeds of the Glee Club concert are to be used, but whether this vision is realized or not we shall always keep the pleasantest remembrances of this distinctively Wellesley evening, the first of its kind.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Fort Yates, No. Dakota, Feb. 28, a daughter, Welcome, to Alice Annington Ayer, student at Wellesley, '79-'81.

At Tabriz, Persia, March 5, a son, Samuel Rhea, to Mrs. Annie Rhea Wilson, student at Wellesley, '81-'82.

At Passaic, New Jersey, April 21, a son to Mrs. Clara Hager, student at Dana Hall, '87-88.

Miss Hannah Tefft, '89, is teaching with Miss Bertha Stowell at Kirkwood Seminary, Kirkwood, Mo.

Miss Annie Williams, '87, has visited her friends at Wellesley this month. Ill health has obliged her to resign her position in the Abington, (Mass.) High School and she is now living at Plymouth.

Miss Julia Eastman spent several days last week with Miss Katharine Bates at Princeton, Mass.

Mrs. Ida Parker Hill was in Wellesley on Thursday, April 24, at the meeting of the Students' Aid Society.

Miss Julia Bissell, '85, who has been visiting her sister whose home is near St. Louis, has given several talks in that city upon her work in India.

Miss Leila McKee, '80, now principal of Oxford Seminary, has been in Kansas City and St. Louis for the purpose of arousing the interest of the friends of the school in her efforts to raise the grade of work. It is hoped that the alumnae will raise funds for a scientific building, which is much needed.

At a Russian Tea held at the home of Miss Emily Orr, student at Wellesley '85-'86, in Evansville, Ind., two hundred dollars was cleared for the benefit of the King's Daughters Training School for Nurses, in that city.

At the regular meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, held in Boston May 3, Miss Alice Freeman Palmer will discuss "The Influence of College Training upon Social Life" and Miss Vida D. Scudder, "The Liberation of the Mind by College Training."

Miss Flora A. Smeallie, '86, sends to the PRELUDE the following program of a Mozart Recital given by the teachers at Judson Institute, Marion, Ala., April 18, which shows the character of her work in that school.

PROGRAM.

Duet,—Sonata No. 2, B Flat.
Miss Harris and Miss Martin.
Aria,—"Il mio tesoro," from Figaro.
Miss Smeallie.
Concerto,—D Major.
Mrs. King.
Reading,—Sketch of Mozart's Life.
Miss Withers.
Duo,—Adagio from Quintette, in B Flat.
Miss Harris and Mrs King.
Aria,—"Non so piu cosa son," from Don Giovanni.
Miss Smeallie.
Fantasie,—In C Minor.
Miss Martin.
Overture,—Figaro's Marriage.
Mrs. King, Miss Smeallie, Miss Harris, Miss Martin.

COLLEGE NOTES.

AREN'T we proud of our Glee and Banjo Clubs?

MISS Evelyn Hall, '79, spent Sunday, the 27th, at Wellesley.

ON Tuesday, Dr. William Taylor, of New York, lectured to the Bible classes on The Arguments for and against Miracles.

IT may not be out of place to remind our readers that the following numbers of the PRELUDE will be mostly special numbers devoted to the approaching great days, and that extra copies can be obtained of Miss Emily Howard Foley at her office hours.

ON Wednesday and Friday of last week open meetings were held in the gymnasium. Everyone of the performers—were she Freshman or Sophomore or even Junior—had to appear resplendent in the crimson uniform. The uniform was certainly becoming to the wearers, who, on the other hand, were no less becoming to it. For, of course, everybody covered herself with glory. The Juniors prided themselves on their skill in jumping and club-swinging; the somewhat more frivolous Sophomores danced and did the easier moves in clubs, while the Freshmen showed themselves experts in fencing. Best of all was the prize drill in fencing, which was extremely pretty and graceful. The prize was a pair of foils presented by Col. Pope. With the approval of everyone, this prize was awarded to Miss Frear and Miss Dillingham who will be the proud possessors as long as they remain the victors. After the Freshman drill was over, the captains in behalf of the class, and as a slight token of their regard, presented Miss Hill with a beautiful bunch of roses. The competitors in the prize drill finished the exciting evening by attending an informal reception given by Miss Hill. Col Pope and Miss Shafer and several distinguished persons were also at the reception. The open meetings conclude regular gymnastic drill for the year.

ON Monday afternoon, April 28th, Freeman opened wide her hospitable doors to the members of '93 and '94 and a number of the Faculty who honored the occasion with their presence. The cottage in its gala dress of plants and flowers had never looked prettier, and the afternoon sunshine streaming in the open windows brightened the scene with its golden touch. Miss Dennison, ably assisted by Miss M. E. B. Roberts, Miss Chapin, Miss Gelston, Miss Coman and Miss Kellogg, received the guests, who after greeting their gracious hostess were conducted to the dining-room where wafers and dainty cups of chocolate awaited them. The time sped merrily with talk and laughter and all were sorry when the darkening shadows gave warning that even this most delightful of afternoon teas must have an end. Among those present were Miss Shafer, Mr. and Miss Chandler and Prof. Goodyear.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE committee of German scholars who have been for twenty-five years revising Luther's translation of the Bible, completed their labors the 10th of January, and Germany will soon have a new Bible.

THE Moscow university and college of husbandry has been closed by the government on account of the recent disorder among the students. Six hundred of the students have been arrested.

AT a recent meeting of the trustees of Columbia College it was decided to admit free to the lectures on political economy and philosophy students of Union and General Theological Seminaries and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

SPELMAN Seminary, of Atlanta, Ga., is called the Mt. Holyoke of the colored women of the South. Although but ten years old it has seven hundred in attendance. Two graduates have gone to the Congo mission field, and thirty students have volunteered to go.

MOUNT Holyoke college is soon to have a new president, Mrs. Hiram Mead having been elected to that office by the trustees. Mrs. Mead has had considerable experience as a teacher. She is now traveling in Europe but expects to return early in the summer to prepare for her new work.

THOUGH fraternities have existed at Vanderbilt for about fifteen years, none of them has as yet erected chapter houses. It seems, however, that the ice is soon to be broken in this direction inasmuch as the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity has recently purchased a beautiful lot near the campus and will begin the construction of a suitable house as soon as possible. A petition has also been presented to the Board of Trustees by the several fraternities, asking permission to erect chapter houses on the campus.

THE Harvard Annex has already outgrown its accommodations, and the Fay house originally abundantly capacious, is about to be enlarged. Of the $25,000 necessary for this purpose, nearly one-fifth has been received. The addition will be more that one-half the size of the present building, including two large recitation rooms, new offices, a housekeeper's apartment and a charming library. The number of students has increased from 25 to 230, and the annex has sent teachers to higher institutions of learning in various parts of the country.

OUR OUTLOOK.

The Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary has a larger entering class than usual; no fewer than thirty-five.

Several women in England have passed the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society of Gt. Britain and of the Apothecaries Hall, and have received appointments as chemists and druggists.

Mrs C. Milon has won the prize of $750 offered by Dr Oatison of Chicago for the best biography of a distinguished woman. Mrs Milon is a Swede, and chose for her subject her countrywoman, Fredrika Bremer.

Twelve years ago Mrs. William G. Choate of New York started the first woman's exchange, where the handiwork of poor gentle-women could find a sale. This beginning was feeble, though during the first year the society paid out about $2000 in remunerations. Mrs Choate's methods have been adopted in other cities, 100 woman's exchanges now existing, and $1,000,000 having been paid for work in these 12 years. In the year 1889, nearly 7000 pieces of work were done to order in the New York exchange alone.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has an aggressive woman's association. It has been incorporated under the title of "The Woman's Health Protective Association of Brooklyn." Its objects are: To promote the health of the city of Brooklyn and the cleanliness of said city by taking such action, from time to time, as may secure the enforcement of existing sanitary laws and regulations by calling the attention of the proper authorities to any violations thereof, and to procure the amendment of said laws and regulations when they shall be found ineffectual for the prevention of acts injurious to the public health or the cleanliness of said city.

The women teachers of Germany, besides a great pension association, have had an insurance association of their own for the last six years. For a monthly fee of twenty-five cents, a member can in case of sickness draw $2.50 a week for thirteen weeks and for the same period again after an interval of six weeks. Over $2000 have been paid out. Women between eighteen and forty-five years old, who have a doctor's certificate of good health are admitted. The society has a good surplus and is thinking of reducing the fee except when an unusual amount of sickness occurs.

Eight hundred sales girls in Berlin belong to a union, which has had remarkable success. For ten cents a month, they receive medical care, medicine, and help in getting work. A similar society exists amongst the women employees of a New York dry-goods house, five-hundred being enrolled with dues of fifty cents a month and $10.00 a week sick benefit. If shop girls can do this, why do teachers hesitate and shrug their shoulders and prophesy failure when approached for a similar object? Co-operation is the order of the day and nowhere is it less seen than in school work. New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Indianapolis, Cleveland and Providence have their beneficial socities, and teachers everywhere might well follow their lead for mutual help in time of need.

WABAN RIPPLES.

MEMBER OF '91, interested in the editorial efforts of her honorary member: How often does "Every Thursday" come out? Once a month?

COLLEGE ETIQUETTE.

FRESHMAN, (to fourth year Special): Will you dance this with me?

SPECIAL, (who has "not been introduced"): Ye-es.

FRESHMAN: Oh, it's all right for me to ask you isn't it? You're only a Special.

FLURRIED MAIDEN (who has lost her way): Will you please tell me if I am on this side of Newton?

CULTIVATED BOSTONIAN (anxiously): I really do not know, Madam, for I am a stranger here, myself.

FRESHMAN: Why did Bismarck resign?

SENIOR (who is not up in German politics): Because he ruled not according to the German nation, but according to his *incli—nation*.

TEACHER: I would like you to study these two pictures, 'Beatrice Cenci' and the 'Rock of Gibraltar,' and to hand in a paper containing a careful analysis of the subject and use of color in each. I shall expect you to pay particular attention to *contrast* and *repetitions*.

Resulting Paper.

I. Picture, Gibraltar.
  Contrast,
    Big sail and little sail.
    " rocks " " rocks.
    Motion of donkey and motion of rocks.
II. Picture, Beatrice Cenci.
  Repetition,
    Color of bricks and color of hair.

TEACHER OF LITERATURE (Wellesley '89): Our next work in the study of 'Paradise Lost' will be the writing of character sketches. Helen, you may write a stetch of the character of Satan.

HELEN: Do you mean, Miss S— that you want me to write an autobiography of Satan.

TEACHER IN PSYCHOLOGY: In 'Bleak House' why did the people flock to the public-bar after they had heard of the spontaneous combustion case?

PUPIL: To try the experiment themselves. (?)

THE Shakespeare Society is supposed to consist of forty members, but owing to *fortuitous* circumstances their number is now forty-two.

HARVARD MAN (pointing to decaying tree): What sort of a tree is that?

BOTANY STUDENT: A poplar.

HARVARD MAN: its *popularity* seems to be declining.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Education for April seems especially for women Most of the articles are by women, and several are about women. Of special interest to Wellesley women is the first article, a short account of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and her work as an educator, by Annie Isabel Willis.—"A Year's Progress for College Women" is an able and encouraging article by Emma Atkinson Almy. It gives a general view of the progress during the past year in the higher education of women in the countries of Europe, in India and Japan, and in our own country.—Mary Lansing tells the story of "Doctor Joshee, the brave little Hindu woman who graduated in 1886 from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and who exerted such a wonderful influence on Hindu thought, though she lived but a short time after her return home, having sacrificed her health in her efforts to preserve her caste so as to help her sisters in India more effectually.—R. K. Buehrle, Superintendent of Schools in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, discusses, in a short paper, "The Minimum School Age," giving the experience of the Boston School Committee, and concluding that, on the whole, the school is the best place for the children.—Other articles are a short account of the life and work of Miss Lydia B. Mann, a sister of the late Horace Mann, by Mary J. Capron; "Poor Richard," an account of the dedication of the bronze statue of Franklin in front of the City Hall, Boston, and of an incident connected with it; and B. C. Burt's article on "German Philosophy since Hegel," a brief, general conspectus of the standpoint and leading ideas of the period covered by Johann Edward Erdmann in his book on the same subject.

The Forum for April opens with an able but rather gloomy review of the condition of our government by the late President of Columbia. As a remedy for the present state of things. Dr. Barnard demands better training in citizenship for the youth of America.—Another college president, Timothy Dwight of Yale, writes on educational questions in an article on a paper read in Boston recently and exciting much discussion.—Under the title, "Woman's Political Status," Francis Minor takes the position that the suffrage is the right of woman under the Constitution. His arguments are more ingenious than conclusive.—Again that verxed question, the American Newspaper, is discussed, this time by Charles Dudley Warner. His conclusion is that "the American people have the sort of papers they prefer."—There is food for thought in Frances Cobbe's suggestive article on "Secular Changes in Human Nature." Are we really losing the power to feel moral indignation? If so, is there no remedy?—Interest will centre probably in the article on "No Theology and New Theology" by one of the most distinguished of the New Theologians. Dr Abbott makes plain beyond all confounding the distinction between the views and aims of a Spencer and those of a Munger. He also formulates with as much clearness as is consistent with the present stage of development the doctrines of the New Theology.

OUR EXCHANGES.

TO A POET.

If I believed,—I think I did,—
It was because your words were sweet
And like enchanter's rarest wine
They made the purple pulses beat.

You lifted carelessly your reed
And blew, in blooming vales a strain
So sweet your listeners cried in joy
"It is good Pan, returned again!"

I thank you, still, though now I know
It only was a summer lay,—
It may be heard by winding streams
When earth is glad again with May.—*Ex.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Student's Series of English Classics. Sir Roger De Coverley Papers from The Spectator. By Addison. Edited by Alfred S. Roe, A. M., Principal of the Worcester (Mass.) High School. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. In this series that was published to meet a clearly discerned need, none will be greeted more cordially than an edition of the *Sir Roger De Coverley Papers*. Sir Roger will forever represent the conciliatory spirit demanded by the time, the beginning of adaptation to an age that was wearied of opposition to it: but this would be to us and our day a dead issue, did Sir Roger not stand the man in all time of urbanity of spirit and perfection of manner incarnated in one of the most delicately humorous characters furnished by modern Literature. There is no better way of studying Addison himself than by following the worthy knight from country church to city Abbey, or by sitting by his side at court, lingering as guest in Coverley Hall, taking morning strolls in the near poultry yards, and afternoon ones into the distant fields to the Gypsies' camp. It is in the *Roger De Coverley Papers* alone, that one may forget the two-century-old advice of Dr. Johnson, and for interest's as well as diction's sake, "give his days and nights to Addison." We hope that Mr. Roe's work will be added to the library collections of the Wellesley students, not limiting itself to the classes in English Prose where it is sure to be eagerly welcomed.

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